

LAS VEGAS GAZETTE.

VOLUME 1.

LAS VEGAS, NEW MEXICO, JANUARY 18, 1873

NUMBER 17.

Las Vegas Gazette.

LOUIS HOMMEL,

Editor & Publisher.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION.

[INVARIABLY IN ADVANCE.]

One copy, one year \$4 00
One copy, six months 2 50
One copy, three months 1 50

No subscription will be received for less than three months.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

First insertion, each square, \$2 00
Subsequent insertions, each square, 1 50
One square is equal to one inch of space.

Yearly advertisements inserted at a liberal discount.

Transient advertisements will have to be paid in advance.

Advertisements not stating the number of insertions, will be continued at our option and charged accordingly.

All communications devoid of interest to the public, or intended to promote private interests, will be charged as advertisements, and payment required in advance. If personal in character, we reserve the right to reject any such article or advertisement.

MAIL ARRANGEMENTS.—The Post office will be open daily, except Sundays, from 7:30 A. M., until 6 P. M. Sundays from 7:30 to 8:30 A. M.

MAIL CLOSING DAILY.

Eastern at 9 P. M.
Western at 2 P. M.

Letters for registration will not be received after 4 P. M.

G. W. STEBBINS,
Postmaster.

Territorial Directory.

U. S. OFFICERS.

Delegate to Congress, J. M. Gallegos.
Governor, Marsh Giddings.
Secretary, W. F. M. Arny.
Chief Justice, Joseph G. Allen.
Associate " 2d Dist. H. S. Johnson.
" " 3d " Warren Bristol.
Surveyor General, Jas. K. Proudit.
Superintendent of Indian Affairs, N. Pope.
U. S. Marshal, John Pratt.
U. S. Assessor, W. L. Warning.
U. S. Attorney, T. B. Catron.
Collector Internal Revenue, G. A. Smith.
Register Land Office, A. G. Hoyt.
U. S. Deputy, Receiver
U. S. Land Office, and
Agent for Paying Pensions, E. W. Little.
Postmaster at Las Vegas, G. W. Stebbins.
Clerk U. S. Court, 1st Dist., W. Brodwin.
" " " 2d " J. C. Hill.
" " " 3d " Ira M. Bond.

TERRITORIAL OFFICERS.

Attorney General, T. F. Conway.
Treasurer, A. Ortiz y Salazar.
Auditor, Trinidad Alarid.
Adjutant General, Wm. M. Giddings.
Quartermaster General, Edward Miller.
Librarian, J. C. McKenzie.

SAN MIGUEL COUNTY OFFICERS.

Probate Judge, Desiderio Romero.
Clerk of Probate Court, Jesus Marquez.
Sheriff, Leon Pinard.
Coroner,
Treasurer, Antonio A. Romero.
Road Commissioners, Eugenio Romero and Jose Santos Esquivel.
School Commissioners, Severo Baca, Benigno Jaramillo, Lorenzo Labadi and Manuel Barela.

MILITARY.

DISTRICT STAFF.

Col. Gordon Granger, Comd'g Dist. N. M.
Lieut. W. J. Sartle, A. A. General.
Lieut. Col. Fred. Myers, Dep. Q. M. Genl., Chief Quartermaster.
Capt. Wm. H. Nash, Chief Com'y. Sub.
Surg. C. T. Alexander, Chief Med. Officer.
Maj. J. B. M. Potter, Chief Paymaster.
Lt. P. Willard, Comd'g Guards, Escorts, &c.
Lt. C. C. Morrison, Act. Engineer Officer.

GENERAL STAFF.

Capt. A. J. McGonnigle, Depot Q. M.
Fort Union,
Maj. A. B. Carey, Paymaster.
Maj. E. Bridgman, Paymaster.

FORGET AND FORGIVE.

Sing songs and pour wine in oblations,
Be glad; and forget, in a rhyme,
Mutations of time, and mutations
Of thought that are fiercer than Time.

As a tale that is told, as a vision,
Forgive and forget: for I say
That the true shall endure the derision
Of the false till the full of the day.

I forgive as I would be forgiven:
I forgive, lest the ill I have done
Be remembered against me in heaven
And all the days under the sun.

For who shall have bread without labor?
And who shall have rest without price?
And who shall hold war with his neighbor
With promise of peace with the Christ?

Lo! the years may lay hand on fair heaven;
They may place and displace the red stars;
They may stain them, as blood-stains are
Driven

As sunset in beautiful bars.

They may shroud them in black till they fret
us—
The clouds with their showers of tears;
They may grind us to dust and forget us,
May the years—O the pitiless years!

But the precepts of Christ are beyond them;
And the truth in the parables taught,
With the tramp of the ages upon them,
They endure as though ages were naught.

And the deserts may drink up the fountains
And the forests give place to the plain;
And the main give place to the mountains,
And the mountains return to the main.

And mutations of worlds and mutations
Of sun may take place, but the reign
Of Time, and the toils and vexations
Shall bequeath them, no, never a stain.

SEVEN RUINED CITIES.

A late letter from Arizona says:
After a hard journey over sandy plains and barren rocks, we arrived a few days ago among the ruins of the supposed descendants of Montezuma. I am surrounded by objects strange, wonderful and romantic; among Indians, who seldom visited by the white man, are so far advanced in civilization as to have lived in houses three and four stories high for nearly three centuries, and who have made the desert surrounding them bloom as a garden. These Indians are peace-loving, industrious and intelligent, far above any other tribe on the American continent but they are so ignorant that I, a poor photographer, am looked upon by them as a medicine man of wonderful power. Unfortunately they are convinced that my mission among them is an evil one. I have already been ordered away from two of the towns by signs and gestures by no means pleasing to a man two hundred miles away from settlements and surrounded by savages. If I take any pictures away with me I shall certainly have to do so surreptitiously, as the destruction of several that I have already taken has been demanded by one of the chiefs this morning.

I have in several cases tried to conciliate them by presenting a photograph taken of them while they were sitting around me in groups watching me at work. They exhibit great surprise and wonder, but in every case as soon as my back is turned, the picture is destroyed or thrown away. They seem to look upon a photograph as a sure and speedy passport to another world.

I wrote you at the time of crossing the river, and just before taking up the line of march for the interior of Arizona. Two women from Oryla came to us at that time; they were on their way to the settlements with blankets to trade for horses. They are the first, I believe, that ever ventured to cross the Colorado on a trading expedition. We had considerable difficulty in getting them to venture in the boats, but after going through some mysterious movements, such as bowing toward each point of the compass and sprinkling some meal upon the water, they allowed us to ferry them and their donkeys over, a task that I nowise hankered after, but which I preferred doing to feeding them all the way back to Oryla, which would have been the case had I not put them across. The trail that we followed coming out here brought us within twenty miles of the Rio Colorado Chiquito, or as it is better known, Fox river. We also came within a few miles of the San Francisco mountains, but as I did not care to molest the Apaches or Cochonines with only one companion, we did not stop long to look for treasure. These mountains have every appearance of being rich with minerals. I have picked up several fine agates and garnets, but have not found any diamonds. The distance from the river to the Mogul village is about one hundred miles. The country bordering on the Green and Colorado rivers for several hundred miles is in many places strewn with broken pottery of beautiful workmanship, while the cañon walls are decorated with hieroglyphics and picture writing, the meaning of which is unknown to the Indians now inhabiting that region. Upon the most inaccessible cliffs, and down in the gloomiest chasms, are found the remains of houses that had once been three and four stories high.

All these signs of a once powerful and partially civilized people are plainly traceable to the seven Aztec cities of Arizona. That the inhabitants of this region are descendants of the ancient Mexicans there can be no doubt. Their ancestors' line of march to the north and west is still marked by the remains of cities abandoned many years ago. From Indian tradition and the meagre history available the popular theory is that during the Spanish conquest great bodies of the Aztecs were driven from Mexico into the vast deserts lying to the north and west, then

across the Colorado. Here, a mighty nation dwelt for many years, building cities and cultivating the soil. As they were industrious and peace-loving they were soon attacked by the warlike nomadic tribes of the north and were compelled, the better to secure themselves against attack, to build their houses on the tops of mountains, within the cañon walls, and in chasms that would seem almost inaccessible. Many stories are told of how the poor Aztecs were surrounded by an overpowering enemy and starved to death in their strongholds. After many years of war it is said a treaty was entered into between them and the Utes, whereby the latter were to retain the northern side of the river, and the Aztecs were to recross and forever remain in the southern country. The name by which the cities are now most widely known, the Moguis Pueblos, originated, as near as I can find out, thus: There are seven towns, containing about twelve hundred inhabitants. In approaching them from the Colorado river, we first came to Oryla; twelve miles further east we find Shee-mo-pay-wee, Shee-pa-la-wee and Mee-shom-a-neah. Three miles further east, across a beautiful valley, are situated on a high cliff, Mogui, Togueenah, and Tawah. Mogui the oldest and best fortified of all the towns, was many years ago visited by the small-pox, which carried off nearly all the inhabitants. After that they called the dead town, Pueblo Muerto, which has for so long presented distorted visions of savage virtue and civilized barbarity of an indignant world. As he approached the conclusion of his remarks and drew a parallel between the favoritism shown the wild vagabond of the plains, while the suffering poor of the eastern and middle cities were pining for opportunities to earn their bread he rose to the highest flights of oratorical pathos. He spoke of the poor victims of dilettante humanitarianism, who were imprisoned in the slums of the cities while broad stretches of fertile lands were only awaiting their presence and labor to them with the wealth of cultivation. No religion, he said, is above the demand for bread, and while our poor are suffering, sanitary committees, missionary societies, and the like, were but like torches in the fire blast which, when extinguished, left but blacker darkness than before.

QUAKERS AND SCALPERS.

The lecture on Quakers and Scalpers delivered some time in November last at Mercantile library hall by Honorable Thomas Fitch, M.C., was well received and poorly attended. We assure the citizens of St. Louis that in missing this opportunity they have lost, for the present, the chance of hearing one of the most eloquent lecturers of America. The subject of the lecture was one that should be especially interesting to the dwellers in the West, as they above all others are affected by the condition of the "Indian races and the policy of the Government." The lecturer after drawing a vivid series of pictures representing savage life as it is, in contrast to the romantic idealism which has for so long presented distorted visions of savage virtue and civilized barbarity of an indignant world. As he approached the conclusion of his remarks and drew a parallel between the favoritism shown the wild vagabond of the plains, while the suffering poor of the eastern and middle cities were pining for opportunities to earn their bread he rose to the highest flights of oratorical pathos. He spoke of the poor victims of dilettante humanitarianism, who were imprisoned in the slums of the cities while broad stretches of fertile lands were only awaiting their presence and labor to them with the wealth of cultivation. No religion, he said, is above the demand for bread, and while our poor are suffering, sanitary committees, missionary societies, and the like, were but like torches in the fire blast which, when extinguished, left but blacker darkness than before.

A title of the millions spent on the worthless Indian would send at these people out into the far west, into the great west, where none who will work need starve. Horace Greeley had advised young men to go West, and for that advice alone he ought to have been elected President. On the headwaters of the Arkansas there is room for three millions of people and the cost of one year of our Eastern prison system would suffice to send them there, while the cost of one year of our Eastern prison system would suffice to keep them there till they had made self-supporting homes. The speaker was utterly amazed at the patience of St. Louis, Memphis, Cairo and other cities of the Mississippi Valley that they should suffer the fairest territory on their west to be fenced from settlement. What would Chicago say if Southern Illinois were converted into an Indian reservation? The money expended in troops made necessary through the present system would suffice to take every Indian to New England and plant them where the humanitarians would have a chance of daily converse with their favorites, and the land would then be thrown open to settlement. Let the Indian take his chance with other men; if willing to work he should have the same privileges as other workers; but if not, let him starve, let him encounter the fate of the drone; if he persisted in behaving like a drone—let him die. The best policy in treating Indians was to place them strictly on the same level with white and black men, giving them rights and privileges as they get them, as the meet of honest work. Let the Indian have his quarter section as any other citizen has it. The speaker concluded with a glowing peroration eulogizing the American pioneer and depicting the future greatness of the country of the West.—St. Louis Times.

Mr. Henry Banks, of Atlanta, has, for the past two or three years, been experimenting upon palmetto and wire grass for making paper. Last August he shipped 8000 pounds to a paper mill in Philadelphia, and went there himself and witnessed the whole process of converting palmetto leaves into paper, which proved a greater success than his most sanguine hopes had anticipated. He has an affidavit of the superintendent of the paper mill where it was tested, which says that palmetto paper is superior to that made of wood, straw or rags, both in texture and in cost of production, and will yield a

profit of fifty per cent, to the manufacturer. Mr. Banks confidently believes that even a still greater profit than fifty per cent, can be realized—the raw material costing from 1 to 1 1/2 cent per pound while rags will cost 4 1/2 cents, and not make as good paper as the palmetto.

Mr. Banks is organizing a stock company to introduce the manufacture of this paper in Georgia. The proposed location of the mill is on a water power in Lowndes county, in the midst of palmetto growth of immense capacity, sufficient to make 20,000 pounds of paper per day, and a sufficient quantity of this plant grows within an area of ten miles to supply a 20,000 pound mill per year.

From our exchange we learn some of the features of the bill recently introduced into the United States Senate by Mr. Cole, of California, concerning the payment of duties for the next five years. It provides that after the 30th of June next it shall be lawful to pay twenty per cent, of the amount of custom duties in United States notes, and twenty per cent, additional proportion each year thereafter until 1877, when all duties may be paid either in United States notes or coin. It seems to be Mr. Cole's effort to lean toward specie payment by forcing the Government to take her own notes as if they were as good as gold. A return to specie basis commercially, would be a great blessing to our country, but to accomplish this, the great bankers of Wall street will have to be fought out of the field.

DISINFECTANTS.—One pound of green copperas, costing 7c., dissolved in one quart of water, and poured down a water closet will effectually concentrate and destroy the foulest smells. On board ships and steamboats, about hotels and other places; there is nothing so nice to purify the air. Simple green copperas, dissolved under the bed in anything that will hold water, will render a hospital or other place for the sick free from unpleasant smells. For butchers' stalls, fish markets, slaughter houses, sinks, or wherever there are offensive putrid gases, dissolve copperas and sprinkle it about, and if a cat, rat or mouse dies about the house and sends forth an offensive gas, place some dissolved copperas in an open vessel near the place where the nuisance is, and it will soon purify the atmosphere.

CLIPPINGS.

Oregon has a Chinese Free Mason lodge.

Spelling schools are being revived in Michigan.

Bayard Taylor says oatmeal keeps the brain clear.

Rutland, Vt., has already enjoyed one month of fine sleighing.

There are 500 female postmasters handling mails in the United States.

Three hundred bloodthirsty women want to be doctors, in San Francisco.

Chicago beggars curse those who give them anything less than half a dollar.

Queen Victoria owns \$50,000 worth of horse-flesh, and is still purchasing.

Cheap cider burst two Good Templar organization in Massachusetts last fall.

Wisconsin ships thousands of Christmas trees annually to those who have none.

Chief Justice Chase and five grandchildren—three little Spragues and to little Hoyles.

The only living descendant of Sir Walter Scott is a great grand-daughter, aged nineteen.

One thousand Yankee girls are receiving their physical and mental education at English schools.

Apples are \$25 a barrel, in San Antonio, Texas, while beef can be bought for two cents a pound.

Two rods of petrified snake have been excavated in Bates county, Mo., and there is more of him to come.

Safes are introduced on palace cars, for the convenience of the countryman who is always losing his ticket.

The latest definition of a gentleman is "a man who can put on a clean collar without being conspicuous."

A Washington editor has been made happy by the appointment of

president of a society for the prevention of cruelty to mules.

Susan B. recited a prose poem the other night at Mansfield, Ill., and those of her audience, who not crippled, silently stole away.

The original Rothschild was a packpeddler, who traveled on foot and retailed chewing gum and hair pins to the people of his time.

W. D. Keith, the city editor of the Troy Whig, who inherited \$120,000 last week, has subsisted entirely on lager and 20 cents cigars for a week.

Miss Alexander, who has been a member of Brigham Young's family for ten years, is about to lecture on "What I know about Brigham."

Two heads now repose on the pillow of General Gideon J. Pillow. He was married to a wealthy widow at New Orleans not many days ago.

Thurlow Weed is reported to have given up smoking, being convinced by half a century's experience thereof that it is a remarkably slow poison.

A Broadway masher named Duy-kinck, who gets a salary of \$10, a week, threw a \$200 bouquet to a bearded syren on the stage last week.

At the great international show, at Vienna, the great and good Baron Von Schwarzenboren has volunteered to take charge of 50,000 of the infants.

When a new town is started on the plains, Chicago drummers camp out and wait for the new stores to be completed, to sell the owners a bill of go's.

Indiana counterfeiters are doing all they can to ease the tightness of the money market by showing out bushel baskets full of the "queer" in the small towns.

Hartford, Conn., has expended \$2,000,000 this year in building houses for newly married couples, and only six have had the courage to face the minister.

It is said that the fatigue of the limbs incident to railway travel is occasioned mainly by the trembling motion of the floor under the feet. Invalids will find great relief by the use of an air cushion for a footstool.

A Virginian has invented a machine, the object of which is to melt the snow and ice on a railroad track as the train runs, by means of a flame of sufficient intensity to produce the result instantaneously. The invention is just in time, if effective.

Desiring to prevent explosions in mines caused by the carelessness of tobacco smokers, an ingenious person in England proposes to have tobacco smoke furnished in mines in the same way as gas or water is supplied to houses. He would have earthen jars of tobacco placed on the surface of the ground near the pit's mouth, the smoke of which is to be inhaled through india-rubber tubes running inside the mines.

The following good things are from the Commercial Bulletin, of Boston:

A book with some of its pages torn out is like a sick man, because it ought to be relieved.

"The books in the running brooks" were probably "volumes of water."

Book for a corner—A railroad certificate book.

Never carry a grammar to a bank under the impression that the teller will receive it as a parse book.

Book of great interest—The note shaver's ledger.

How to get all the music out of a grand piano—Let steam fire engine play on it a few minutes.

A gentleman who collided with a hod-carrier in the burnt district yesterday, says he felt mortar-fod after the occurrence.

THE EARLY AMERICAN PRESS.

The first printing press in the American colonies was set up in Cambridge Mass., eighteen years after the landing of the Pilgrims from the May Flower. The first printer was Stephen Day, who was succeeded by Samuel Green. Green printed the Indian Bibles for those early apostles of the new world who first engaged in the benevolent work of attempting the civilization and evangelization of the aborigines of this country.

The sturdy republican religionists of New England became very soon as chary of allowing the freedom of the press, as were the Pontiff and the crowned heads of Europe. Some religious tracts having been published which the clergy and the general court deemed of too liberal a character, licensers of the press were appointed in 1662, after the Napoleonic fashion of our day; but the year following it was ordered by the provincial government, that the printing press be as free as formerly. This freedom, however was soon exerted more freely than ever. The attention and the fears of government were again awakened; and in 1664, it was enacted that no printing press should be permitted in any other town of the colony than Cambridge; and that no person should be allowed to print anything even there, but by the allowance of three censors appointed for that purpose.

In 1671, the general court directed the revision and publication of colony laws. Until that time the laws had always been printed at the expense of the commonwealth. But a wealthy bookseller by the name of John Usher, applied for permission to publish them on his own account; and to prevent Green from printing extra copies for himself, he procured the passage of an act prohibiting the printing of any more copies than he should direct; and in this enactment we find the origin of copyright in this country.

The first newspaper published in North America was the "Boston News Letter," commenced in April 1704, by John Campbell. It was printed by the authority of the licensers, as a half-sheet, of what was then called pot-paper—a large size of foolscap. The paper was printed by Bartholomew Green. It contained the Queen's [Anne's] speech to both houses of parliament; some notice of the attempts after the throne by the pretender, James the Eighth of Scotland, who was said to be sending over Popish missionaries from France; three paragraphs of domestic intelligence four items of ship news from Philadelphia, New York and New London; and one advertisement by the editor. The paper was continued for fifteen years, weekly, upon the half sheet of foolscap, without a rival on the continent, and continually languishing for want of support. In 1719 the editor made a great effort to enlarge his publication, stating that he was then thirteen months behind the news from Europe and to obviate the difficulty he resolved to publish every other week a full sheet of foolscap, thus enabling him to bring down the foreign news to within five months of the date of his publication.

In 1731 Thomas Fleet established the Boston Weekly Rehearsal, and afterwards the Boston Evening Post. Massachusetts was then a slave-holding colony, and Fleet owned several negroes, two of whom he instructed in the art of printing. Their names were Pompey and Caesar—the only two Romans, I believe, who ever belonged to the printing fraternity. Fleet married the daughter of Mrs. Goose, of a wealthy family in Boston. Mother Goose was very fond of her first grandchild, the offspring of Fleet and her daughter, and nearly distracted her son-in-law with her endless nursery ditties. Finding that all other means for silencing her failed, Fleet actually printed, for the purpose of trying what ridicule could effect, a book with the title "Songs for the Nursery or Mother Goose's Melodies for Children." This was the origin of the world-famous "Melodies." Mother Goose was the mother of twenty-one children.

Sustain your homopaper.